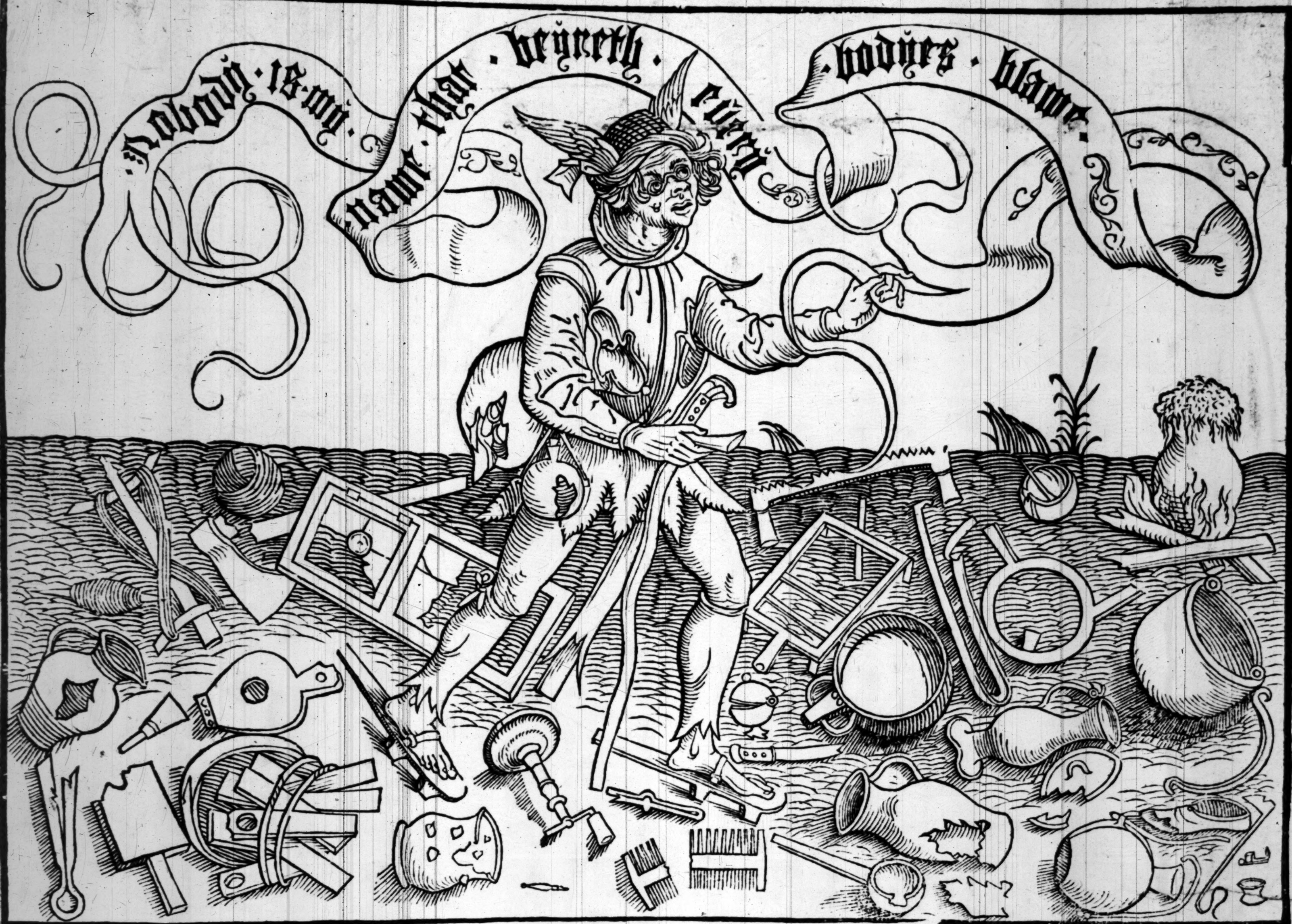


The welspoken Nobody.

God that is all good and almyghtye
Hath shewed his power vpon me Nobodye,
For whear my mouth with locke was sparred
He hath it burst and my speche restored,
Wherfor I wpll syng prayse vnto his name

Bicause I may speke withoute anye blame,
And thoughe the pope with all his trayn
Do me rebuke and against me sayen
That as tofore I shuld nowe holde my peace
Yet Gods honour to set furth I can not cease.



Many speke of Roben hoothe that neuer thott in his botwe
So many haue laped faul'es to me, which I did neuer knowe,
But nowe behold here I am
Whom all the worlde doeth diffame
Long haue they also shorned me
And locked my mouth for speaking free
As many a Godly man they haue so serued
Which vnto them Gods truth hath shewed
Of such they haue burned and hanged some
That vnto their idolatrye wold not come
The ladde truthe they haue locked in cage
Sapeng that of her Nobodye had knowledge
For asmuche nowe as they name Nobodye
I thinke derilpe they speke of me
Wherfore to answere I nowe beginne
The locke of my mouth is opened with gimme
Brought by noman, but by Gods grace
Vnto whom be prayse in euery place
My Journepes I make both far and nere
To seke whear people Gods iustice fear
In that place wolde I make my habitation
Trusting there to haue a continuall mansion
In punt tofore I did neuer appere
Yet many coulde me not well bear
But no maruell for the prouerbe sayeth
All men can not abyde to here the truthe

A companion must he be with these good fellows,
As long as they wpll haue hym in thei companes,
But sometyme they forget hym, vntill he be
Shoulded or worneaten, and than for here spe
They do hym burne secretlye as in the nyght
The Jewes toke Christ, so these by thei myght
Followe the other, byng soe astrayed,
Lest these thei pranks shuld be betwaped.

In the Dedication daie, than oute of the steeple
Do they hym hange to espye the people,
And with a litle bell them for to warne,
Because the prestes shuld catche no harme
In studieng Gods worde the flocke to fede.
No thys is pnowh, they haue no other sede
To sow, therfore they shall reap
Vpnde, as they sowd wpnde a great heap.
Who be to me sayth Paule, yf I shuld not preache
No sayth the Pope my ceremonyes teache.
But what do they teache shew the meanynge?
Wel, Gods worde gnueth me smelleng
That Paule and pour opinon contrary be,
Shuld men leaue Paule, and followe the.

On relpe Sondapes, than byng pou furth tromper
Pour relpes must be washen, that water sape pee,
Is good for synne and sickness of beest,
Thus of Chyilles bloude make pou a gest

So is thy soule spirituall fedde,
With Chyilles moost blessed bodye and bloude,
Which for thy synnes was offred on the rode,
With whiche oblacon Gods watche is sacrificed
Neuer hereafter to be Reoffered
For with one oblacon by hym self made,
He hath made vs perfect, therfore be glad,
For vnto perfection nothyng can be added
Wher be now suche, as masses haue laped
To be propiciatour God them forgere,
And conuert they hartes, whyles they do spue
That they luke for none other propiciation
Than that which Christ made hym self alone,
In remembraunce, wherof to confirme our saythe
He bade vs receiue as the scripture sayeth.
Thys holpe communpon. No come and see
Stare on it (sayeth the Pope) and ones a pere take
Nay not so neyghbour take not, but gape.
Thy spnger wold rot yf thou touche but the chalpe,
Wholpe Paule, thou bade men be wylle,
And ware of suche, as shuld admonish
From hadlyng and touchyng, which thynge do perpyth,
Euen with thabuse thou sayest. Wel
Nowe sepnge that all men begyn to smell
All pou that be prestes I Nobodye praye,
To repent and be lerned, resist not I sape